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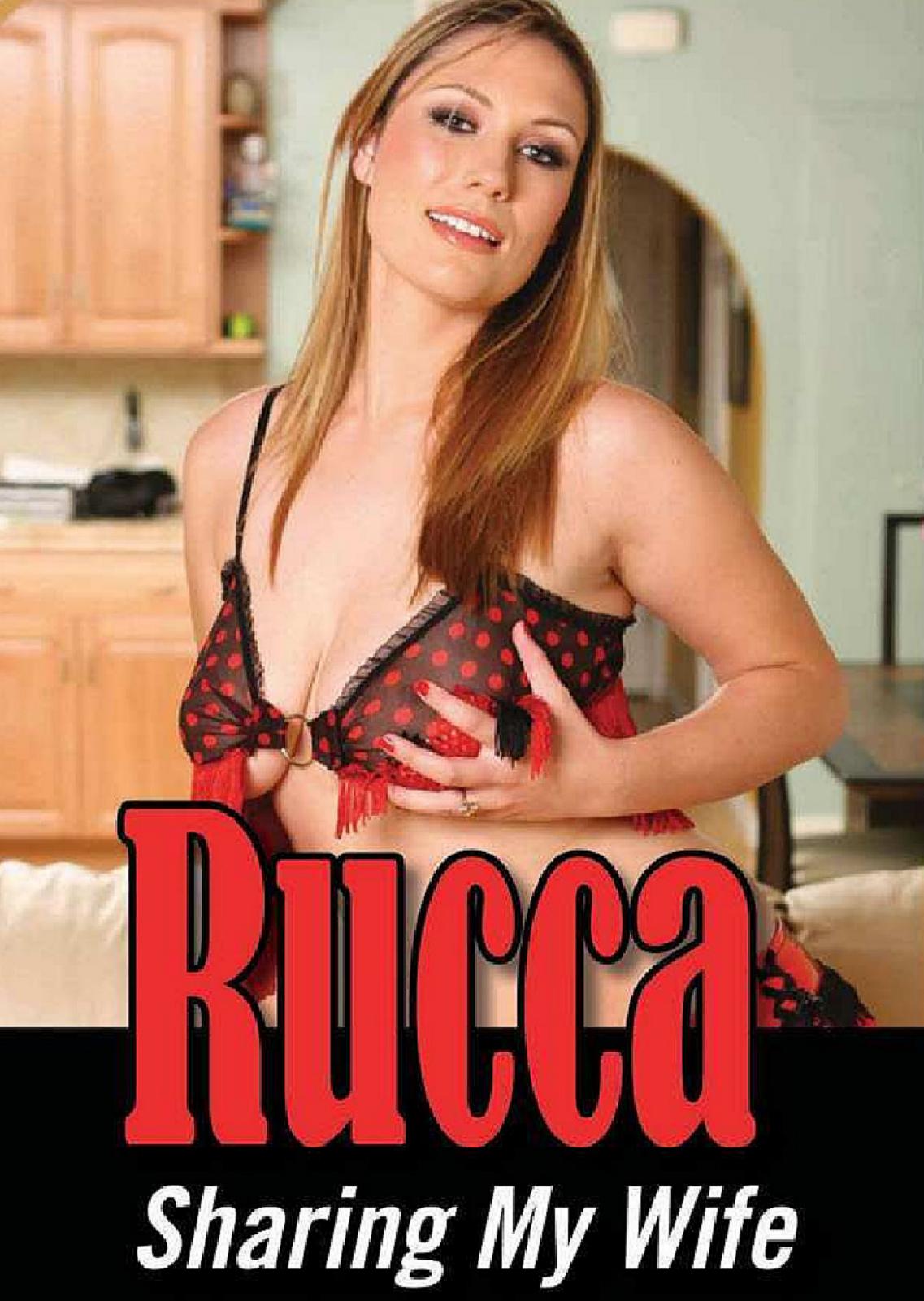










































If you have a story about one or more of your erotic experiences, then go write ahead. You can send your stories to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them – or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

"The redhead at work — you know, that busty babe with the blowjob lips in payroll. I fucked her in the backseat of our car." I shrugged. "It was just a one-time thing."

My wife stared at me. "No-no, you didn't... you couldn't..."

"She came onto me, things went a little too far. It won't happen..."

Pritta slapped me, hard, across the face. She's just a tiny thing, normally shy and demure and soft-spoken, but she's the jealous type.

"Hey, it's nothing to..."

She stung my cheek a second time, her well-endowed chest shuddering under her tight green tank-top. She glared up at me, violet eyes shooting sparks, nostrils flared and mouth open, pretty, delicate face contorted with rage.

I rubbed my cheek and she beat my chest with her little fists, then she ripped my shirt open and beat my bare chest. Het her, watching and feeling.

"She sucked my cock first, by the way," I said, "before I fucked her.
That's something you hardly ever..."

Pritta tore my jeans open and yanked them down. My cock sprung out and up, hard and throbbing. She slapped it one way, the other.

I grunted. But I didn't stop her.



## THE JEALOUS TYPE

Staring at my twitching erection,
Pritta shoved her skirt down, pulled
her pantyhose off her slender brown
legs, then she dropped to her knees
and lashed my cock with the hose,
at the base, winding the sheer nylon
garment around and around my
pulsating tool.

"I should bite it off!" she hissed at my strangled dick, spitting onto my swollen shaft.

She tied me up achingly tight with

her improvised cock ring, then
whacked my prick around some
more, punishing me, she thought.
I groaned and quivered, my knees
buckling, legs gone weak. She knew
I'd never strike back at her. She was
such a good wife, even when she
blew off steam.

We were down in our rec room in the basement of our home. It'd been a dull Saturday morning until I'd made my pronouncement. Now it was a wickedly hot Saturday morning, and getting hotter.

Pritta jumped to her feet and smacked my bare ass with the flat of her hand, jolting me and my trussed-up cock. "Why did you do it!?" she

cried, whacking my cheeks.

"Because she was there," I rasped, "and wanted it bad!"

Pritta spanked me harder, grabbing onto my bound-up cock with her other hand and biting her fingernails into my purpled shaft. Her shiny black hair streamed over her face. "You fucking cheating bastard!" she screamed, flailing my ass, clawing my cock.

No one would've recognized the woman now. She beat my ass with her one hand, crushed my dick with the other. My cheeks flamed, my cock so numb I could hardly feel it anymore, my slit gasping open like my mouth.

"I'll give you a fucking blowjob!"
Pritta raged, finally releasing my cock, ceasing her spanking.

She ran over to the small bar in the corner of the room and pulled open the mini-refrigerator, dug around in the freezer. Then she was back at my noosed prick again, on her knees, her hands full of ice cubes. She clapped her hands on either side of my shaft.

"Fuck!" I yelped, the cold revenge snapping me.

Pritta pumped my cock with her ice hands. She stuck out her tongue, touching my hood, washing all around my cap — teasing and torturing me with fire and ice.

I gritted my teeth and clenched my fists, shaking uncontrollably. She iced up and down my prong, cooling me off, spun her tongue around and over my knob, heating me up. Then she inhaled my hood, slid a cold hand down to my balls.

I cried out in a mixture of pleasure and agony.



She tugged on my hood with her plush lips, her little hands dripping ice water, rubbing my shaft and my sack. She sucked deeper, vaccing half of my dong, ice-stroking the rest. I was on fire, yet chilled; boiling, yet shivering.

It could've gone on like that forever, the beautiful, wrathful woman stoking and freezing me, controlling my flow with the ice and her pantyhose. So I decided to come clean.

"I-I was only joking, Pritta!" I gasped. "I was never unfaithful to you, never will be!"

She looked up at me, her mouth full of my cock, her watery hands at the base and on my balls. She pulled her head back, her hands off. "Really?"

I nodded. "I just love it when you get angry," I admitted.

She smiled, shyly. Then she dropped the ice and unraveled my prick.

Blood surged into my cock, beat through my body. Pritta glided her lips over my bulb and right down my shaft, consuming my throbber in her wet, pink mouth, firing me up, full-blast.

I instantly jerked, jolted by pent-up ecstasy, the orgasmic dam bursting. I grabbed onto Pritta's head and sprayed my eternal love down her throat.

She happily swallowed what I had to offer, this time. Like the good wife she is.

-Bruce Miller



Francesca grew up poor in Mexico and she knew very early on that her killer body was the ticket to her road to riches. Men have been giving Francesca anything her heart desired, in the hopes that they would get to sample her very special charms. This hasn't changed as she's gotten older. In fact she's doing better than ever and getting fucked every day. All she asks in return is that you get her off and conribute a little something to her retirement fund. Any takers?

































As she turned 40, Brooke was feeling a little down in the dumps even though her hot bod and pretty face made her the envy of all her girlfriends. Still, 40 isn't a milestone most women like to see and Brooke was no exception. So, imagine her delight when the guy at the liqour store said he needed to see her driver's license before he could sell her the celebratory bottle of champagne. She was so delighted she decided to reward him with a little treat.



















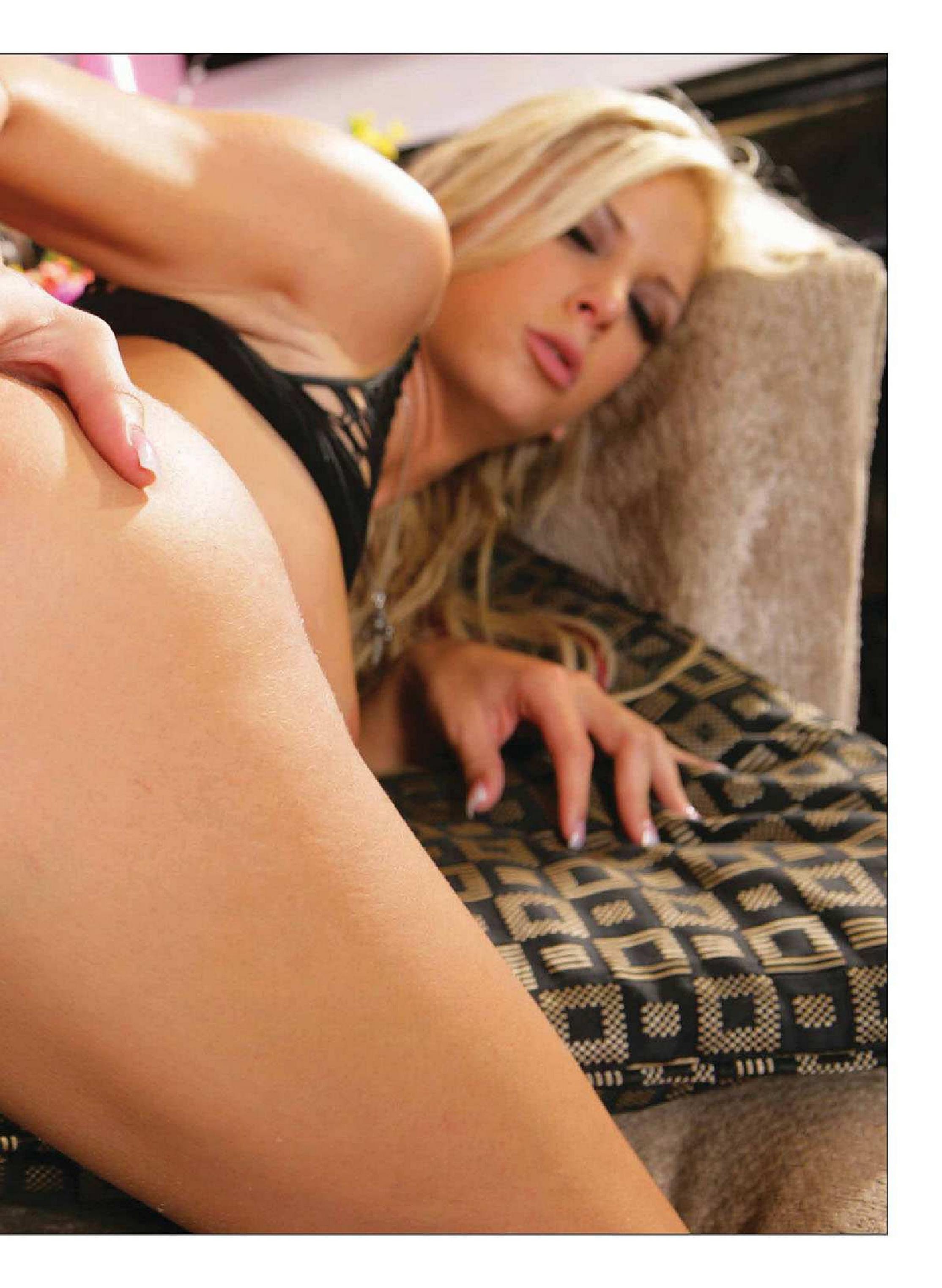


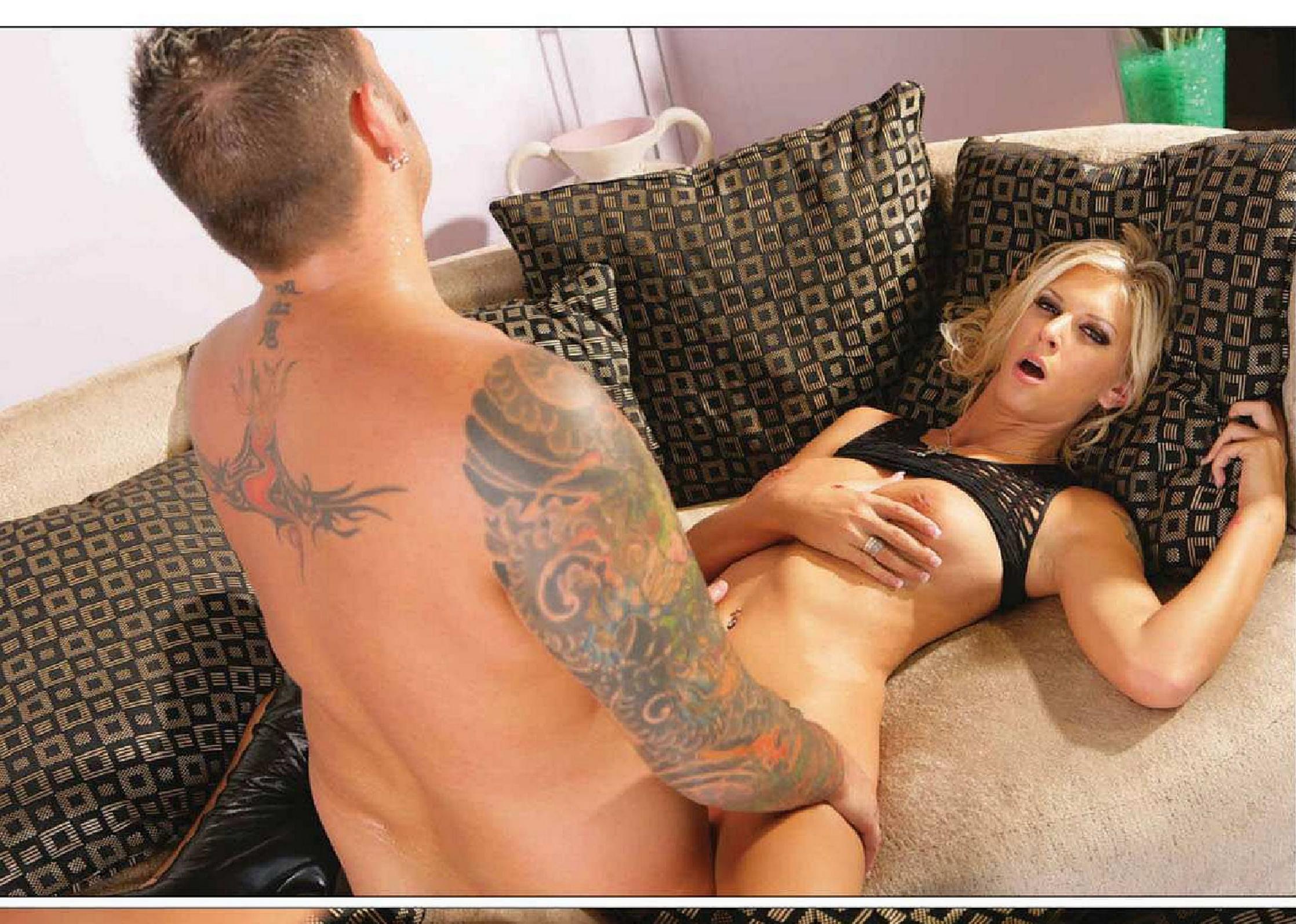


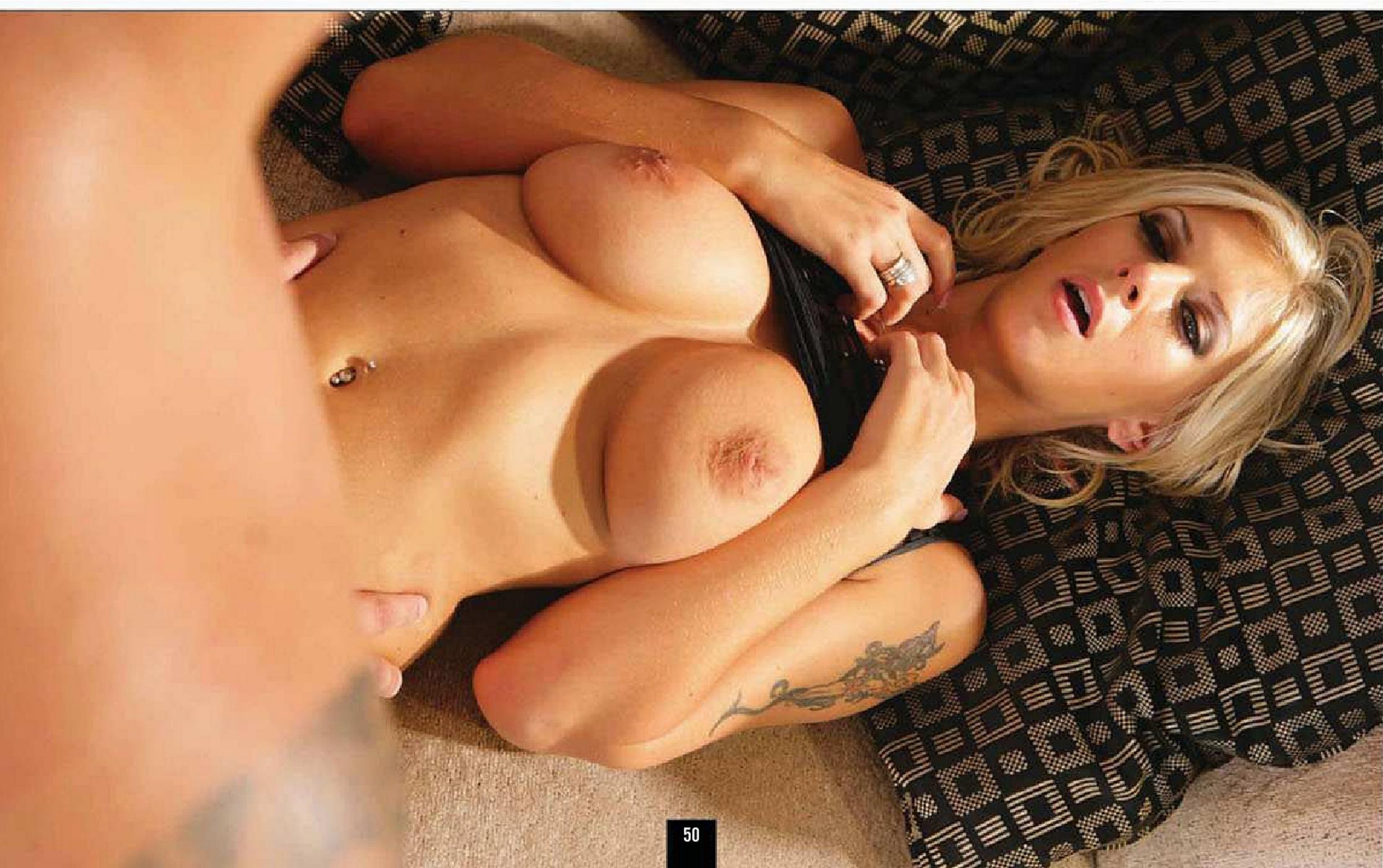














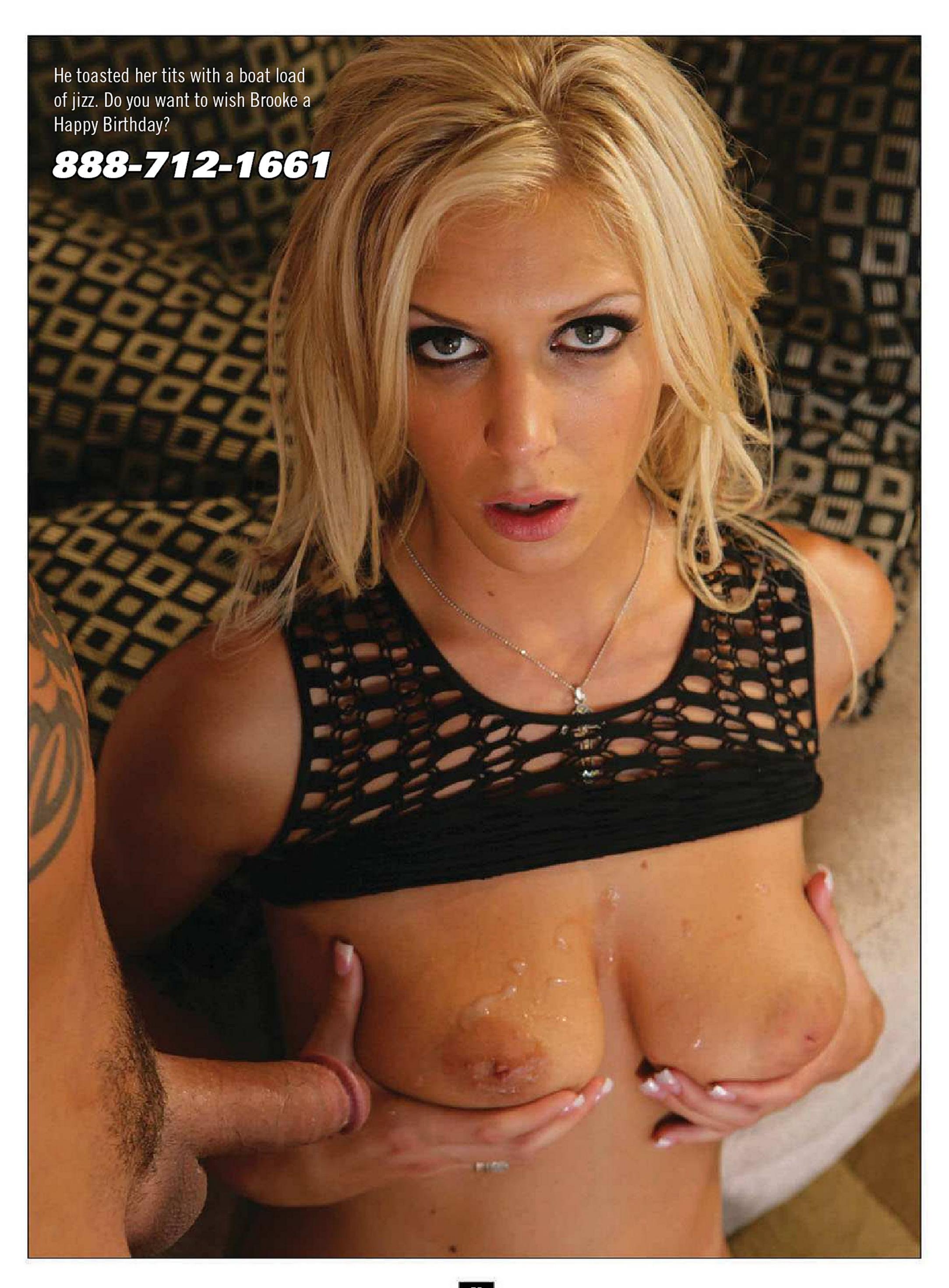












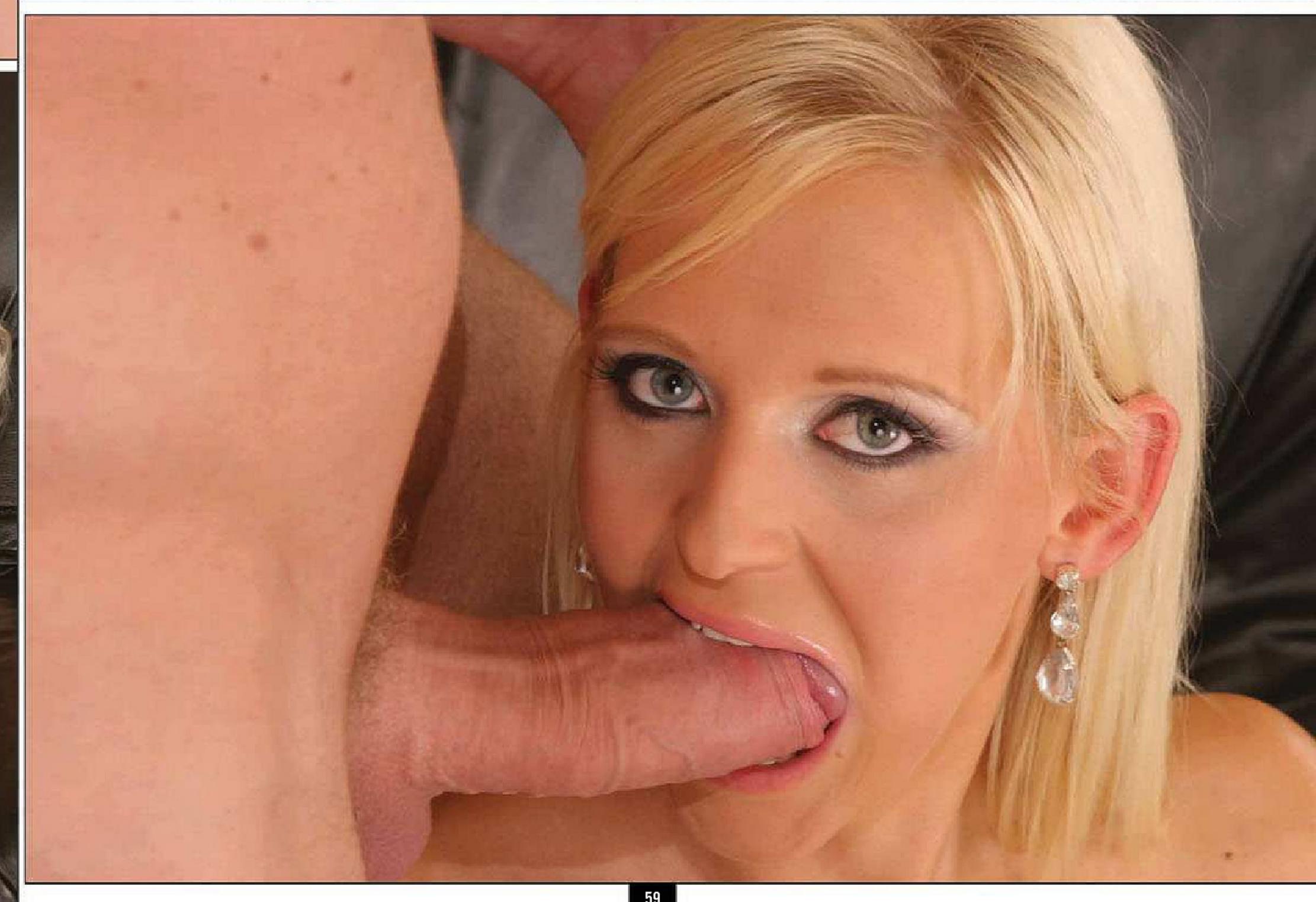












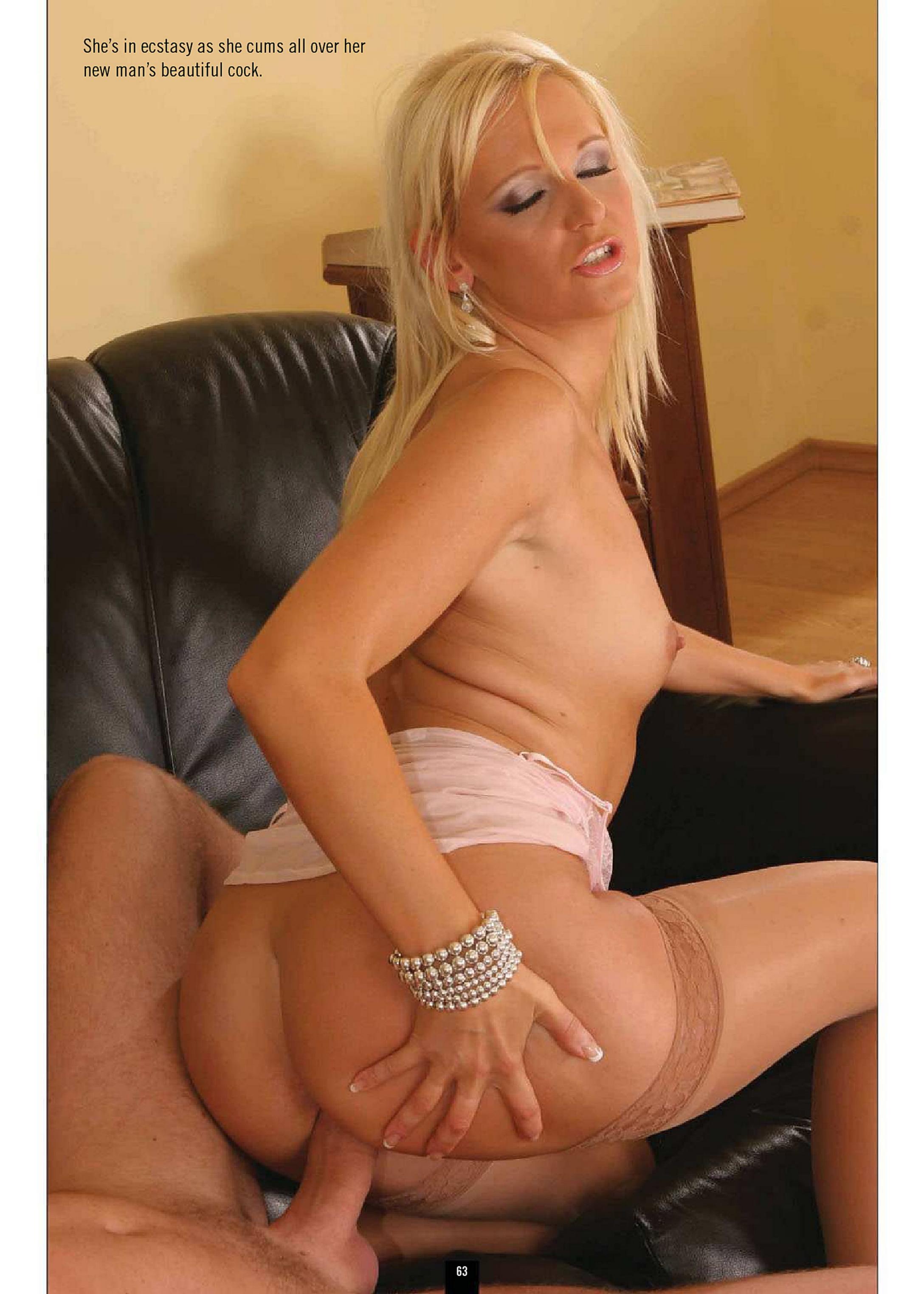




























Violet is old enough to know that fads come and go and just like she never pursued the latest fashions, she resited her friends' efforts to get her to go hairless. She liked the way her silky bush framed her pussy and she knew that many men appreciated the way a woman is supposed to look and feel. She ain't going to change any time soon.













































Kayla teaches math at the local college where she's a favorite among the male student body. Although she likes teaching, what she loves most about her job is the way that being around young people makes her stay young herself. The male professors have been trying to snare this little slut for quite some time, but alas, with no success. She prefers the hard, young bodies of her students and if you study hard and make good grades, you might just get some bonus marks.

















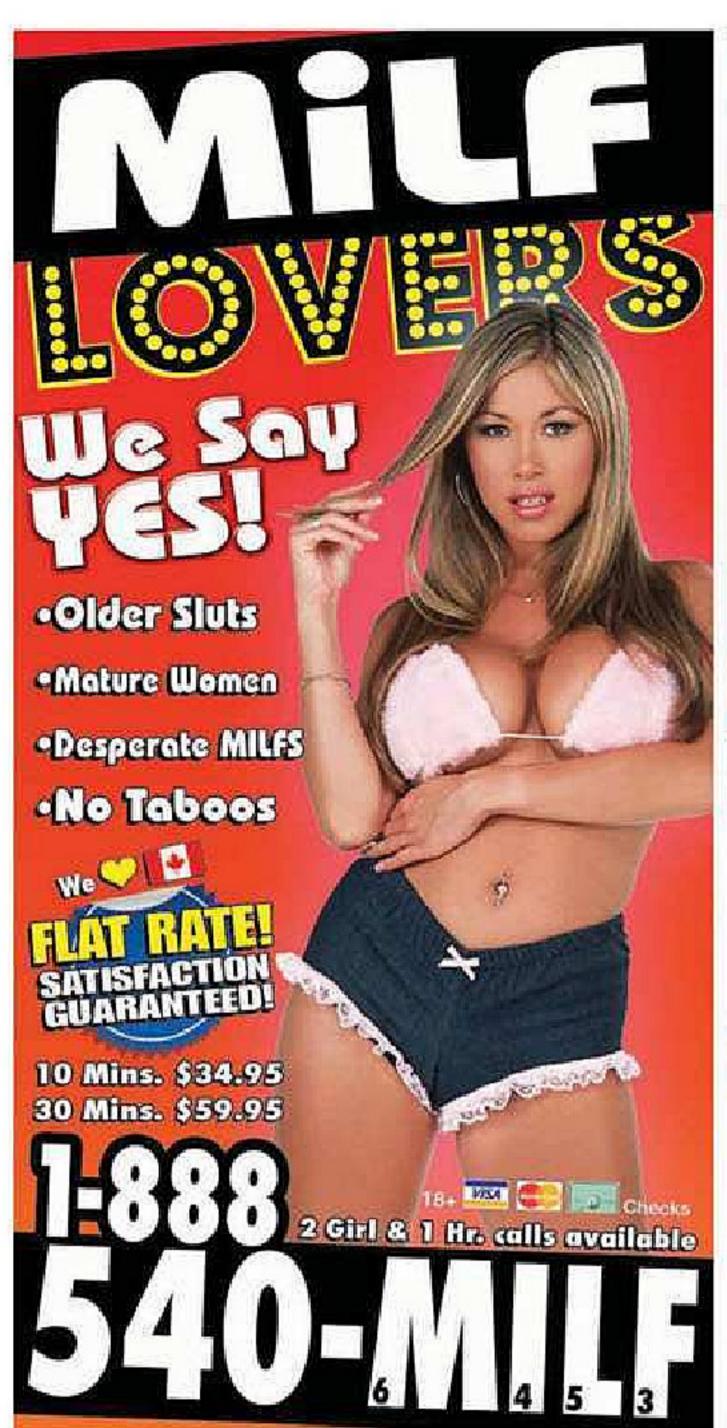














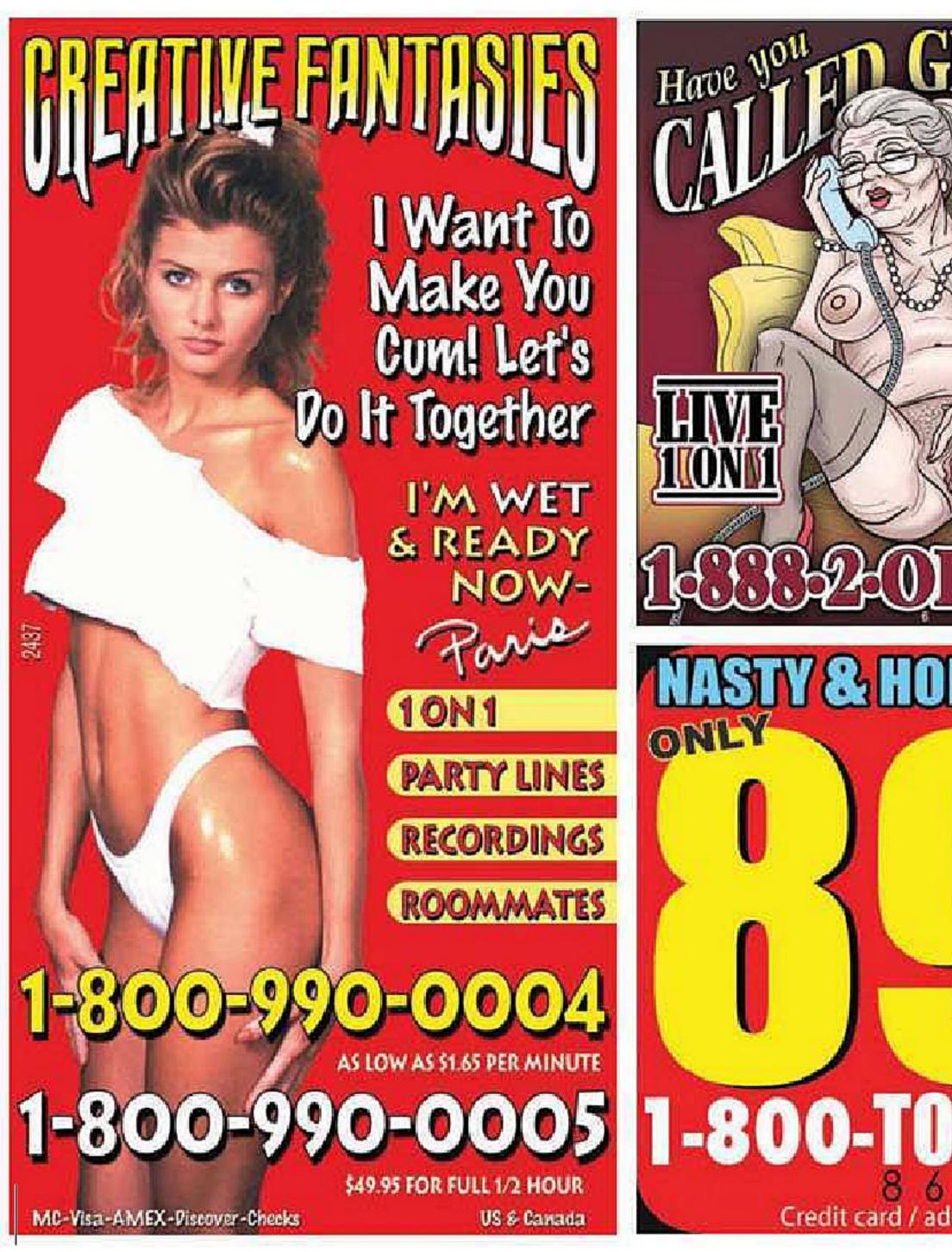






























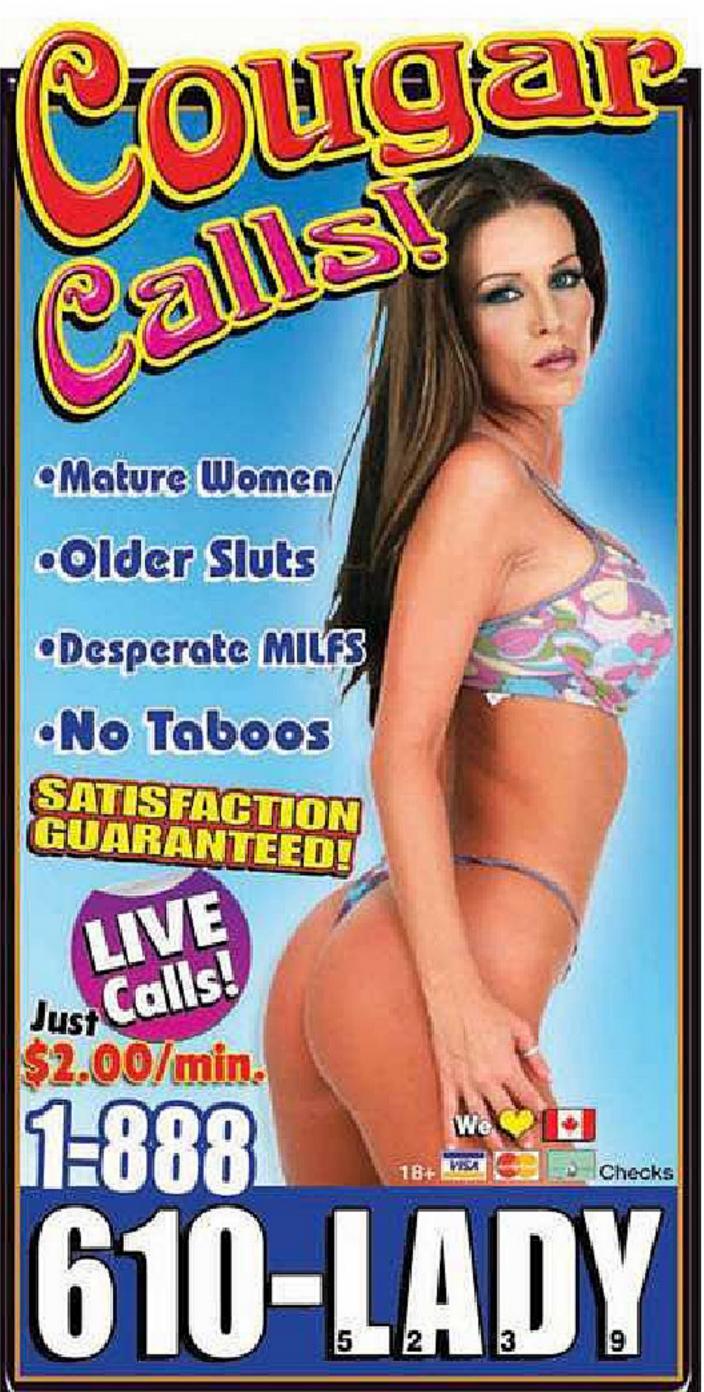






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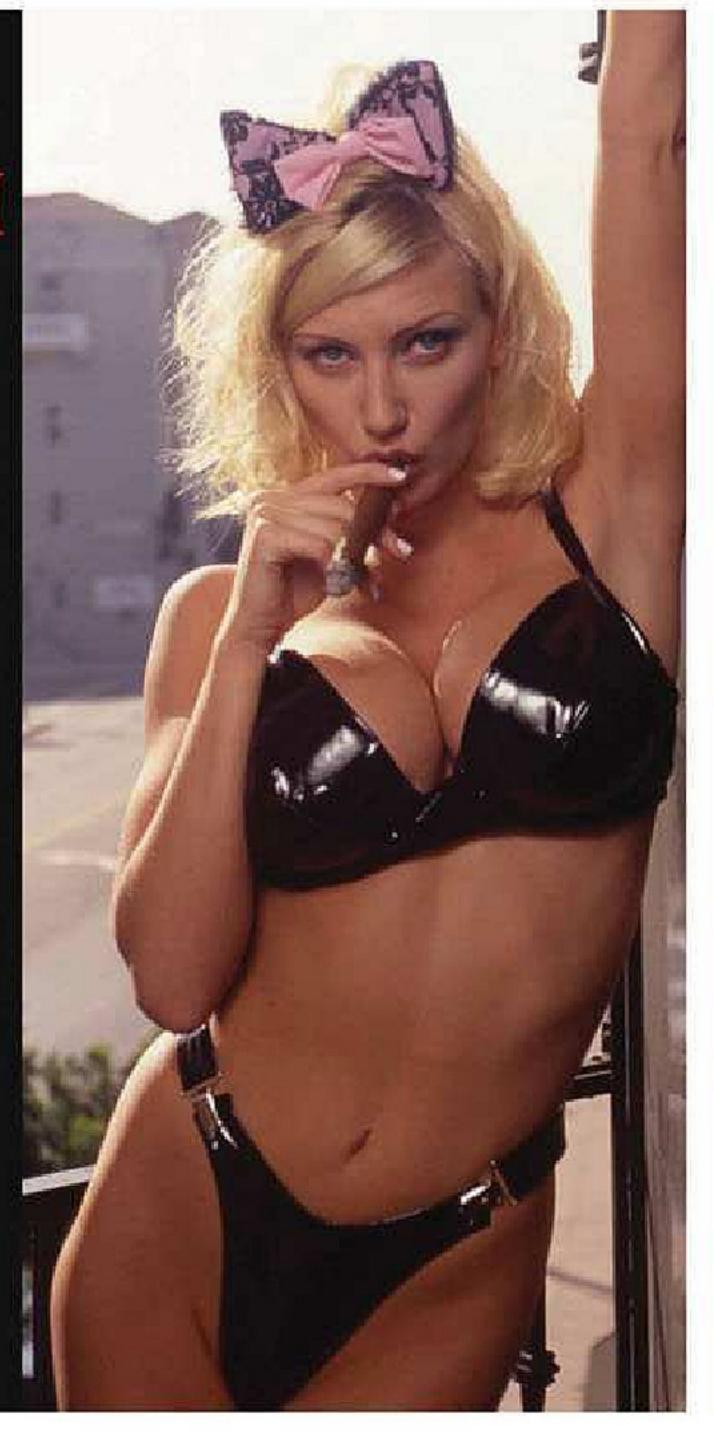
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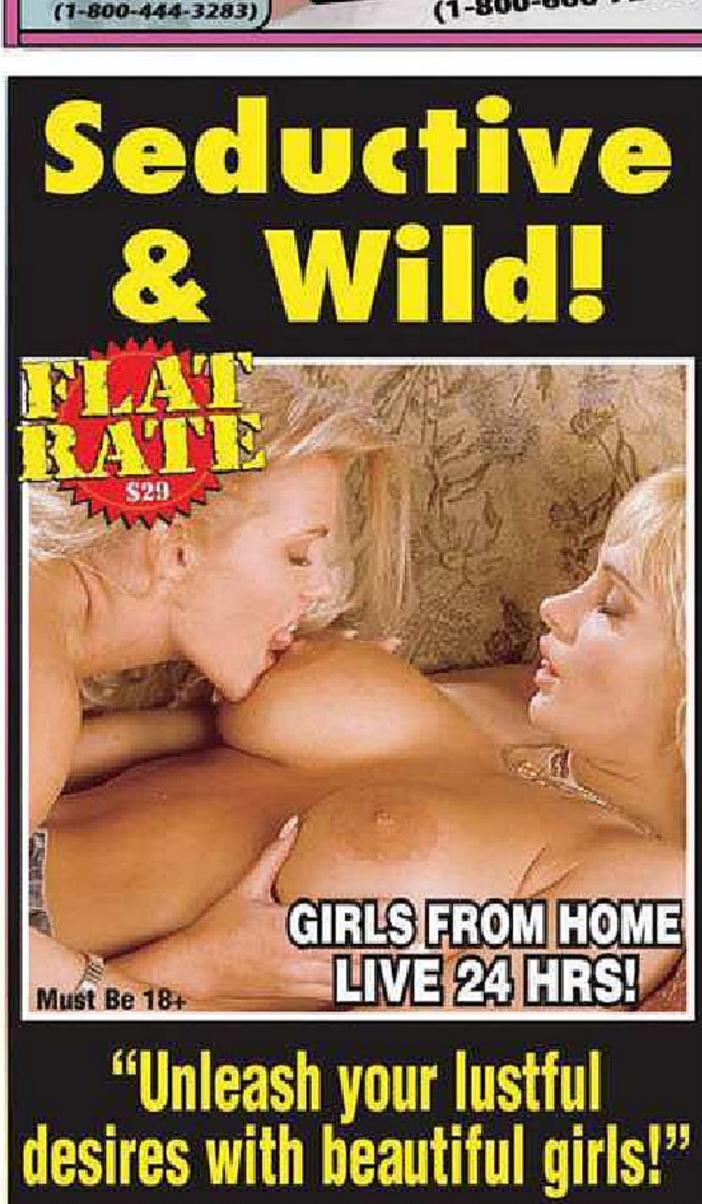














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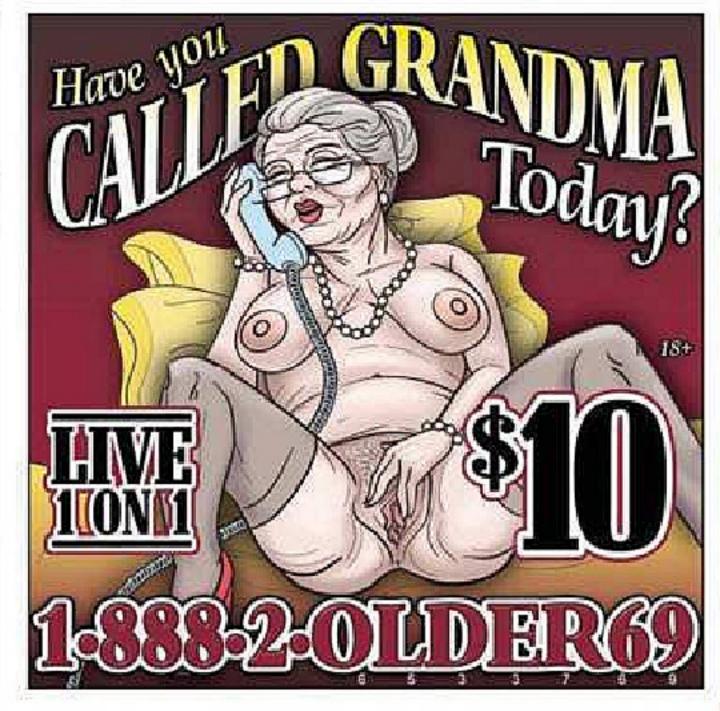
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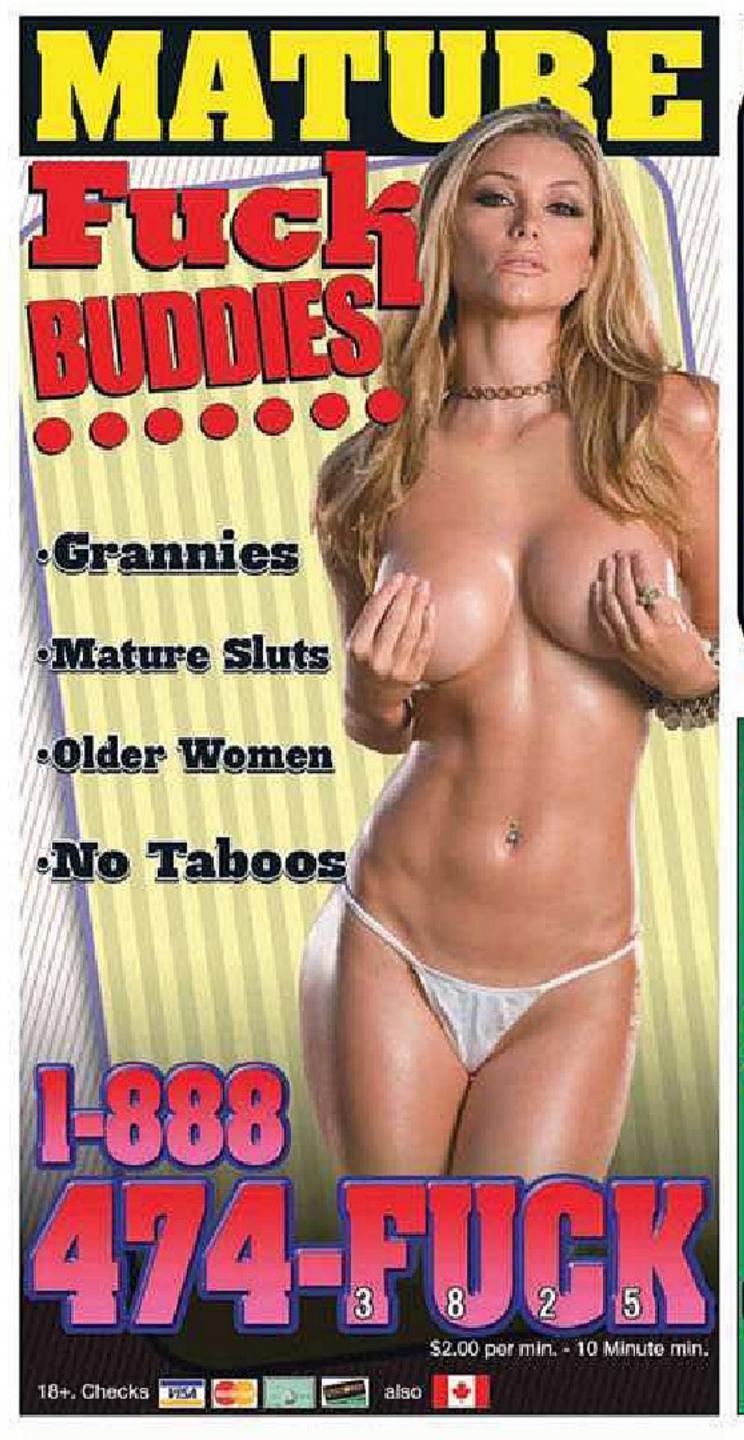












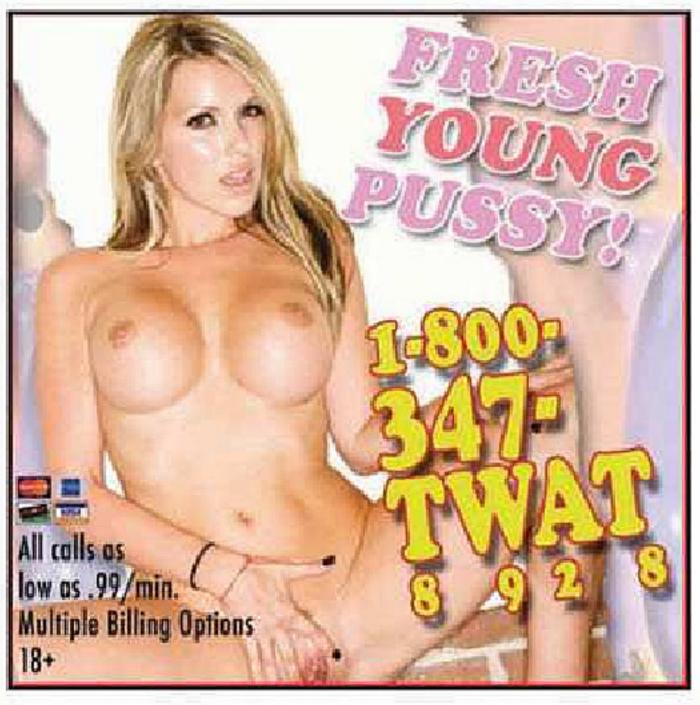


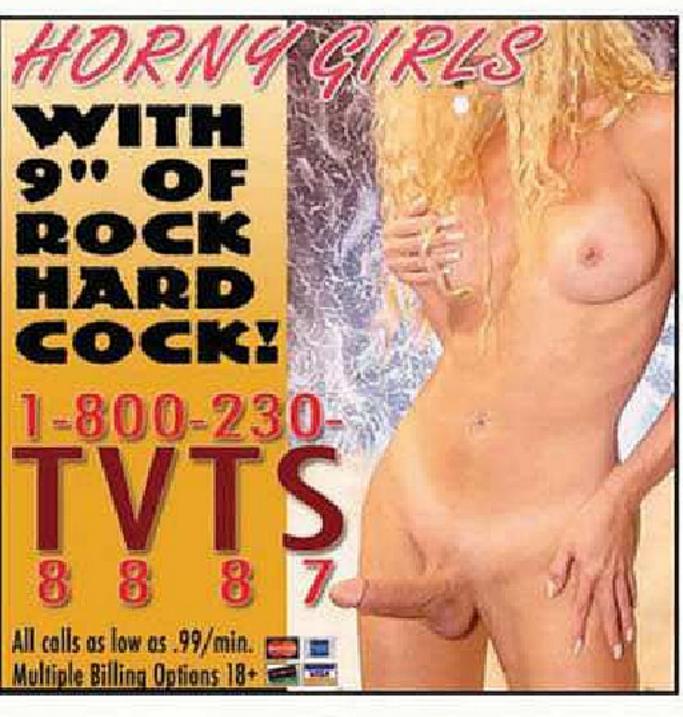


























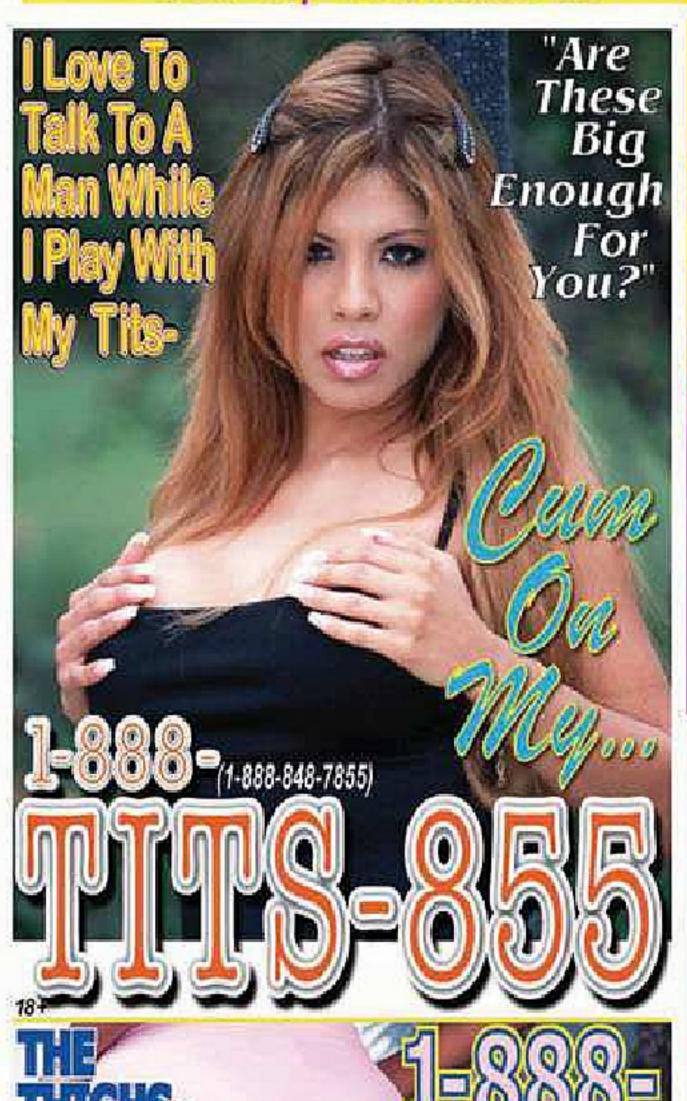
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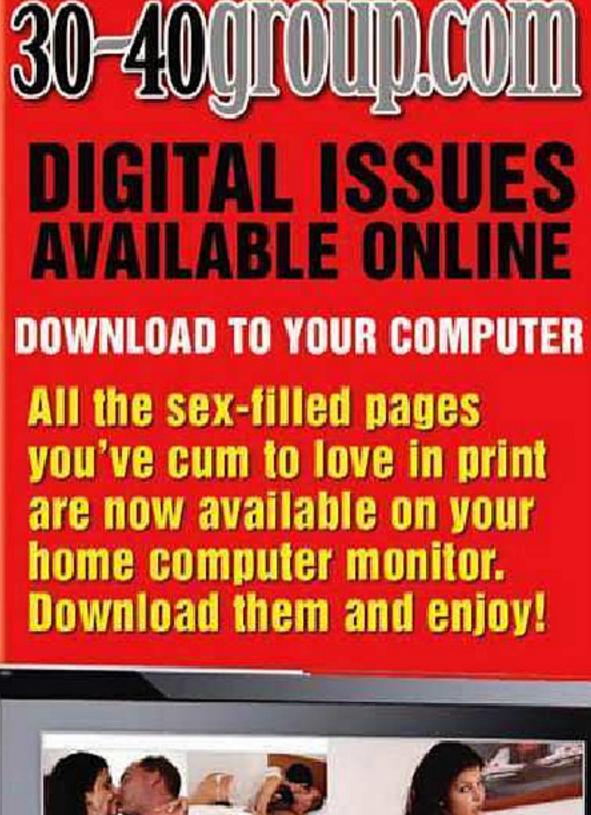
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